



THE New Republic

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FOR VEEP?**

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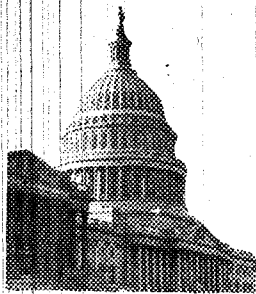
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Washington Wire

Kefauver's style

THE STEVENSON-KEFAUVER primary battle reaches its climax next week in California following this week's bitter round in Florida. We have been down on the Spanish moss circuit and here-with offer some random notes.

Kefauver gives his public simple short words in simple short sentences delivered with an air of diffident understatement in a calm, level voice. As, for example, on top of a fruit truck-trailer before the Touchton drugstore (Rexall) in Sanford, Florida, at 8:30 p.m. last week, with a palm tree stuck up on the street like a theatrical prop. (The newcomer keeps pinching himself and saying, "How like Florida!" and remembering it *is* Florida.) The trailer top is enormously long, seven tubular aluminum seats have been stuck on it, the local Kefauver leaders have been hauled on board, there's a full moon in the sky, temperature about 80 degrees, and below a miserably small crowd of about 100 registering indifference.

Just what makes Kefauver tick still baffles reporters. He seems to have a feeling of destiny that buoys him over obstacles, the chief of which now is apathy. Florida has already held the gubernatorial primary in which it was really interested: moderate Gov. LeRoy Collins beat a field of rabid racists; 800,000 votes were cast. Florida tends to be Democratic in local elections and Republican in national elections, which is the way the two-party system is emerging in the South. Of 40 daily Florida newspapers only four supported Stevenson in 1952. The same ratio applies today. Ike won in '52.

Well, the lanky figure on the fruit trailer is now telling his Sanford audience that it is a shame the US doesn't have nuclear reactors, and he will push the idea if he gets to the White House. There is something in his talk for about every local interest. Then he opens up on Stevenson. It is hard not to feel that this is demagoguery. The Kefauver bus carries circulars printed by a California old-age outfit, off-shoot of the Town-

send Plan, charging that Stevenson vetoed a 10-percent increase in "old-age and blind pensions." It neglects to say that Stevenson actually boosted pensions in Illinois and vetoed this particular bill because it was a make-believe, passed by the GOP legislature without any accompanying appropriation. The GOP legislature passed many similar phonies, and Stevenson exposed them by vetoes. A reporter who admires Kefauver's liberal record in Congress is disheartened by this kind of attack. There is no way to verify the charges at the time (Stevenson, of course, immediately brands them as "scurrilous"), but the reporter reflects that not even Nixon used them in '52. Here on the street of Sanford is a gloomy moment for progressives.

The Same Stevenson

WE HAD SOME fear that we should find a "new" Stevenson. Nothing of the sort. He is still enormously entertaining. "You can't teach an underdog new tricks," he said of Kefauver. He is still merry and deeply serious. He doesn't like the political handshaking but is doing it rather well. Stevenson wants to talk to the nation on national issues and is caught in primary battles on parochial issues. It is a process of running for the Presidency in terms of the county sheriff. The man who could say in Chicago recently, "I agree that moderation is the spirit of the times, but we must take care lest we confuse moderation with mediocrity, or settle for half answers to hard problems" spends part of his 16-hour day in a Jacksonville department store shaking hands with surprised customers. On the other hand, at a Lake City rally—under live oak trees cobwebbed with Spanish moss—we heard him make an unexpected plea for racial moderation that moved the Southern audience almost in spite of itself.

Stevenson's delivery is uneven—sometimes ideas crowd too fast or he shows a kind of breathlessness, as in the joint TV appearance of the candidates at

Miami. But at his best, we think, Stevenson is about as good as they come.

Travel is broadening. It was instructive to be here to see how the newspapers played Eisenhower's Texas speech. Big, happy headlines everywhere proclaimed "Communism a Gigantic Failure." Practically nothing else was quoted from the speech. But what more was wanted? Once more Ike (or Dulles) has cried all's well, Communism is slipping, we are winning, go back to sleep again, it's 10 o'clock by the village clock and the Great White Father has the world in hand! This is government by sedative. Stevenson tries to suggest that the Soviet Union is more of a threat now in its new phase than ever, but 36 of Florida's 40 daily papers scoff at him. The funny thing is that Ike himself seems surprised when he gets back to Washington that Congress cuts foreign aid after he and Dulles have been implying that the game is already won. If Communism is a "gigantic failure," why worry?

Integration by decree

DEEP IN FLORIDA we heard some amazing stories about the supposed horrors of school desegregation in Washington. The yarns were preposterous but it suddenly burst upon us that the District of Columbia is from now on a deadly challenge to the whole South. The ratio of Negroes in the District is 35 percent (school children, 50 percent) compared to only 22 percent in Florida. Yet integration has been put through smoothly and quietly.

The truth is integration hasn't actually changed things much in Washington because white communities still have almost all-white schools and Negro communities almost all-Negro. Integration has forced the city to face the fact that Negro schools have been neglected. An idealist would like to pretend that desegregation came by popular demand; actually there was no nonsense about voting on the question in defranchised Washington: it was imposed autocratically from above. It would have been harder if the District had had the vote. And who has blocked the vote? Why, the Southern Congressmen, to be sure, hating desegregation! They are the ones who forced it to come so swiftly when it came.

Florida

T.R.B.

The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION



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Time Out

WHEN SMALL boys play at war, each one can be a winner. One may shout "you can't shoot, you're dead!", but the "dead" rise to shoot again, for in the make-believe world each is invincible. But in the real world of competition for nuclear supremacy, the law of diminishing returns robs us of invincibility. The more proficient we become in hitting and hurting the enemy, the more capable the enemy becomes of retaliating in kind.

That is why we believe that Adlai Stevenson's call for an American moratorium on further thermonuclear bomb tests is timely and right. A unilateral ban by the US, he says, contains within it a "built-in security factor because the H-Bomb cannot be tested without the world knowing it." And, he adds, if the Russians persist in further tests, "we can reconsider our policy." That seems to us reasonable, though this opinion is not shared by the President, nor Harry Truman who believes that "only such tests as last week's explosion at Eniwetok . . . will tell us how to harness and use this new energy for peaceful purposes." Mr. Truman's statement is nonsense, and the best that can be said for him is that he is as blissfully ignorant here as he was when he said in 1953 that the Russians did not have the A-Bomb. Clearly the lag in developing atomic power for peaceful purposes, described by Haldore Hanson in this issue, cannot be blamed on any lag in our testing of megaton size bombs.

But at least the President and Mr. Truman have taken note of the proposal. The general public has responded with colossal indifference, and that is not because the idea is too new or too radical to be easily grasped. The same appeal has been made (and been met with similar indifference) by Pope Pius XII, Pierre Mendès-France, the Prime Ministers of India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma and Indonesia.

What is the case for America's now announcing its intention of holding no further tests of bombs of more than a megaton (million-ton) force, and appealing to the Russians to do likewise?

Our bomb stockpile has already given us the power to blanket any potential enemy with a checker-board attack. We continue testing not for bigness, but to make the bomb package smaller and more efficient, to adapt it for convenient tactical warfare, to improve defensive anti-aircraft devices. But behind these declared purposes there lies an unstated fear: deterrence might lose its punch. The enemy may discover something bigger and better that could paralyze our defenses or our ability to retaliate. So on we go, and on the Russians go in this endless life-and-death pursuit of a security that leaves us insecure. The arms race now consumes 15 percent of the gross national product of the West, and 50 percent of its research and development resources. To increase this military investment is economically possible, at least for the US, but the political feasibility of added invest-

Correspondence

► Big Jim and Moderation

SIRS:

Benjamin Muse writing in *The New Republic* (May 28) on "The Submerged Moderates," points to Governor Folsom of Alabama as a moderate in his own frame of reference. Evidently, Mr. Muse has not kept up with the gyrations of the Alabama dervish. "Big Jim" has undergone a metamorphosis. The man who dared to take a drink with Congressman Powell in the executive mansion in Montgomery, the man who described a nullification measure as "hog-wash," ineffective as "a hound dog barking at the moon," has gone over to the interposition camp.

Why? Governor Folsom is exercised over the Supreme Court's decision setting aside state right-to-work laws, so far as railway workers are concerned. He

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ment is doubtful. We have learned something of the compulsive demands which our frantic search for supremacy in nuclear weapons has made upon individual liberties, but the demands on our material progress are equally great. Population surges upward, but our national investment in schools, health and highways falls far behind *current* needs. Likewise the needs of less-developed nations for additional capital and technical skills are being inadequately met.

What the world desperately needs is time out, a breathing period in which we may assess where we are in the beginning of the second decade of the nuclear age, time during which confidence can be tested. During the past year a number of Western statesmen have offered proposals which, in combination, would help bring about a breathing spell.

Some of these proposals require Russian concurrence. Some do not. President Eisenhower's open-sky inspection proposal is the most publicized of these proposals, but there are others: establishment of a United Nations Arms Information Center, wider use of demilitarized zones occupied by UN security forces wherever small wars threaten, the prevention of scientific surprise by expanding the Russian "ground inspection" proposal. But the most practical step which can be taken *now*, and with the minimum risk, is a voluntary and unilateral announcement by our government that it will test no more bombs of over megaton force.

SINCE 1945 there have been more than 100 fission and fusion explosions, of which 11 were of megaton size—eight American and three Russian. Where do we (and the Russians) go from here? Will there, at any future date, be a more suitable moment for calling a halt to the bomb tests?

Detection of megaton explosions is possible *without* any multi-lateral agreement on inspection or control: if the Russians should resume tests, that would be known, by us and by others. Should the Russians decide that their security requires further testing, would the power of America be diminished in the world by our having proposed a halt?

We carry on our conscience, and as a stigma visible to all, the fact that ours is the only country which has used atomic power to kill masses of people. We not only dropped the first A-Bomb, we dropped it on *Asians*. It is hard to calculate how much that initiative cost the United States.

A new initiative, of a different order, could do much to re-establish American prestige, particularly in Asia. The announcement by our government of its decision to halt megaton bomb tests would have an immediate and powerful appeal to the uncommitted nations around the world. The influence of such an appeal on Soviet policy has not been tested. *That* is a test which should not be further delayed.

Pakistan—Neutral Ally?

AS INDONESIAN President Sukarno was ending his 19 days in the United States, Pakistan Prime Minister Chaudri Mohammed Ali set out on a two-week state visit to Communist China. For Washington to clasp an Asian neutralist to its bosom while Peking welcomes a charter member of the Baghdad and SEATO alliances no longer seems odd. At the very moment when Washington wonders whether a place might be reserved for neutralism in its free world framework, Karachi wonders, too, whether it is not time for Pakistan to get on better terms with the Communists.

The print on our stock of old labels is fading. Four months ago publisher John Cowles, back from South Asia, reported in the *Minneapolis Star and Tribune* that Pakistan was then "beginning to weigh the relative value of its military pact with the United States in comparison with the benefits it might get from Russia and China if it 'went neutral'." In April, Pakistan's Foreign Minister, pressed by a Moslem League critic, pointed reassuringly to his coming visit to the "mighty country" of China, and to the appointment of a new Ambassador to the "mighty USSR." Pakistan may well be approaching neutralism "in fact and in effect, if not in diplomatic verbiage"—to appropriate the phrase which AFL-CIO President George Meany used in attacking Nehru's neutralism as pro-Communist.

Recently the President of Pakistan, Maj. Gen. Iskander Mirza, appealed for US recognition of Communist China, thus endorsing the very China policy which has made India so unpopular in this country. Like Nehru, General Mirza interprets his China policy to the West as a means for detaching China from Soviet control. General Mirza's Ambassador in Washington, Mohammed Ali, comments in a similar vein that the Peking leaders "are not the same as the Russians at all." These Pakistan spokesmen differ from Nehru, first by saying publicly what Nehru says privately and, second, by coupling whatever they

THE NEW REPUBLIC

1826 JEFFERSON PLACE, N. W., WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

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Published weekly and Copyrighted, 1956 in the USA by New Republic, Inc. Phone: REpublic 7-8656. Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1950, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy, 20c; Yearly subscription, \$7.00; Foreign, \$8.00; Armed Forces personnel or students, \$5.00. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Please include both old and new addresses.

say with references to the "free world" and their military commitments to it.

General Mirza can certainly be taken at his word when he seeks to minimize the visit to China. Pakistan does indeed, as he assures us, "believe in the Baghdad Pact and SEATO"—because the American arms shipped to Karachi under these pacts strengthen Pakistan in its power relationship with India. Pakistan's new armored divisions may serve as a deterrent to Soviet aggression, but that is not why they are prized by Pakistan. The Foreign Minister told the National Assembly in April that "the most notable achievement of SEATO is the joint re-affirmation by its members of our [Pakistan's] stand on Kashmir"; and on the very day that the recent SEATO conference opened, the pro-government *Dawn* of Karachi declared that "if there is any threat of physical aggression to Pakistan, it does not come primarily from the Soviet Union but from India."

Still, there is no reason for doubting Pakistan's honor as an ally in the event that a war ever does break out between the Soviet Union and the United States, or to conclude that Pakistan's gesture to China constitutes a "betrayal" of the West. It simply provides one more reason why the US must re-evaluate its policy toward neutralist governments.

With Nehru's arrival for talks with the President only six weeks away, this re-evaluation is especially urgent. The President must make clearer than he has that we do not see ourselves as Nehru's disciplinarian, a self-assumed role which enabled us to dismiss so blithely Indian protests against the Pakistan arms pact. Moreover, we must sooner or later move from our present tentative uncertainty about Asian neutralism to an explicit recognition that Asian nationalism is here to stay.

Such a recognition would lead us to welcome independent behavior by Asian governments assessing their own interests as they see them. Logically, we would then downgrade such collective security systems as SEATO which the principal regional powers decline to join. Nor would we then raise the warning finger when Asian governments develop normal political and economic relations with their neighbors, Communist or otherwise.

Crumbling British Bases

IF THINGS go on as at present, within a year or so Britain may have no military bases left between Malta and Australia. In consequence, the whole of the Middle East and Southern Asia will lie open to Soviet or Chinese advance. And even if the Communists do not move a finger, Arab nationalism may throttle European industry by depriving it of oil. More and more it looks as if the next American Administration may be thrown straight into a crisis even more testing than that which faced Truman in 1947 when Britain

NEXT WEEK

A special, 48-page supplement on *The Soviet Union Since Stalin*. Fifteen authorities comment on the consequences of recent changes in the USSR for the US and the peoples of China, India, Pakistan, Southeast Asia, Europe and the Middle East.

decided she must abandon her responsibilities in Greece and Turkey.

For the last ten years, despite the liberation of India and Burma, the memory of Britain's imperial power has sufficed to provide some stability in the area, so long as it was buttressed by the presence of British bases. But the survival of imperial bases into the new era has proved intolerable to Asian nationalism. Each British withdrawal has provoked new demands for abdication—and has made it practically more difficult to resist these demands.

Unfortunately it cannot be said that the removal of foreign bases has increased stability—the evacuation of Suez produced an immediate increase in Israel-Arab tension. Nor is it easy to argue that a base leased from a foreign power is as satisfactory as a base in colonial territory. The Egyptians denounced their Treaty with Britain unilaterally. The new Government of Ceylon has declared its intention to remove the British from Trincomalee. And the threat to America's base on Iceland is another warning.

IT is both difficult and dangerous to shift from force to consent as the basis for military positions overseas. Yet reliance on force has even more obvious limitations. At present Britain has tied up 20,000 men on Cyprus to deal with 500 terrorists. And the moral cost of repression is even more intolerable than the economic cost. It is difficult to believe that the British Government can persist for long in its present policy on Cyprus against the opposition of all but one of its allies and at least half of its own people.

In Singapore the breakdown of negotiations for self-government could produce a similar tragedy. Both sides had made great concessions. David Marshall as Chief Minister of Singapore had agreed that Britain should keep her base there, with the responsibility to secure both its external and internal defense. Lennox-Boyd for Britain had agreed to surrender everything except the powers needed to carry out this responsibility. The talks broke down because the delegation from Singapore felt that these powers were incompatible with self-government; and when Marshall made a last-minute attempt to find a compromise his delegation disintegrated. It is now likely that his government will fall, to be replaced by a government more extreme and more representative of Singapore's Chinese majority.

Finally, pressure is developing in Aden, which is in

the passageway between Asia and Africa, to remove Britain's base on the Red Sea. The British Government has rebuffed even the moderates in Aden by announcing that

... for the foreseeable future it would not be reasonable or sensible, or indeed in the interests of the colony's inhabitants, for them to aspire to any aims beyond that of a considerable degree of internal self-government.

Looking at the problem of foreign bases as a whole, everything seems to depend on timing. It would be absurd to hang on by force to military bases in Asia at the cost of driving the peoples around them into the arms of the Communists. There might be a case for holding bases by force if the next few years were likely to see a war in which the bases would be indispensable to the West. But if, as all Governments now claim, there is little danger of a war in the immediate future, a policy of force risks maximizing Asian resistance to the West at a time when diplomacy is more important than military strategy.

Moreover, in the long run there are grounds for optimism about the trend of Asian policy—providing our short-run policies do not drive Asia out of neutralism into the Communist camp. The mild Indian reaction to the breakdown of the Singapore talks suggests that Indians are more conscious of the Chinese threat than many in the West imagine. Everything depends on the West conducting its policy so as ultimately to win consent from Asia; and if this means the loss of certain traditional military strongholds, it will be easier for the West to adapt its strategy to their loss now than in the unforeseeable international climate five or ten years ahead.

Public Housing

PUBLIC HOUSING is one of those cornerstones of the Roosevelt-Truman edifice that one assumes is securely in place. How far this assumption differs from political fact has been again demonstrated in the narrow three-vote victory which public-housing supporters have just won in the Senate. For all the talk that the Administration has taken over the welfare program of its predecessors, Republican leadership in the Senate fought hard for a measure that would have limited public-housing construction to 35,000 new units annually for two years, instead of 135,000 for three years (plus 15,000 units yearly for elderly persons) provided in the successful Democratic-sponsored bill that now goes to the House.

Furthermore, in the specific area of middle-income housing it is all public-housing partisans can do to get recognition for the principle of public responsibility, let alone action. The Senate Banking and Currency Commit-

tee deadlocked, 6-6, on Senator Herbert Lehman's (D, NY) measure directed exclusively to the housing problem of middle-income families. These families comprise at least one-half of those displaced by the widespread urban redevelopment programs under way throughout the country. They are not provided for by existing housing programs. In the light of this pressing need, Senator John Sparkman's (D, Ala.) recent pledge that his Housing Subcommittee would give top priority to a middle-income program is a welcome by-product of the Senate housing debate.

Attacks on the Court

THE Railway Labor Act provides that when a railroad union and employer agree, by contract, to establish a closed shop, that agreement shall be binding "notwithstanding any other provisions . . . of any other statute or law . . . of any State . . ." This portion of the Act, added in 1951, changed the law which had barred the union shop in the railway labor field.

The Constitution of the United States, Article VI, Section 2 provides:

This Constitution, and the Laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof . . . shall be the supreme Law of the Land . . . any Thing in the Constitution or Law of any State to the Contrary notwithstanding.

Upon the plainest principles of language, putting these two sentences together would seem to mean that any state constitutional provision or law forbidding the union shop is inapplicable to a collective bargaining contract within the scope of the Railway Labor Act.

Yet when the Supreme Court on May 21 performed this elementary exercise in logic, it provided another occasion for cries of alarm from Congress and mutterings in the press about the Court's usurpation of power.

The campaign to indict the Court as a usurper has gained considerable momentum. It is bottomed on the opposition of some Southern political leaders to the Court's segregation decisions. But the Court's attackers have extended their assault. They now question rulings the Court has made under the doctrine that where Congress acts in a field within its competence, and expresses the intention that its regulation shall be exclusive, all state regulation of the same matters is automatically displaced. That doctrine dates from a leading decision of the great Virginian Chief Justice, John Marshall, which should make its genealogy and hoariness sufficient to satisfy the most exacting of critics. The Court has applied it twice this year, once with respect to state anti-sedition acts, and again in the decision on the Railway Labor Act.

The difference between these two decisions and the

segregation decision is not hard to understand, despite the deliberate efforts to becloud the difference. The segregation cases held that separation of children by race in public schools was unconstitutional. Only a constitutional amendment could change that fact. In the application of the pre-emption doctrine, however, the Court is construing a *statute*, determining the intent of Congress. If Congress is dissatisfied with the Court's construction, it can change the result simply by passing a new law. This the Court would necessarily recognize as binding.

Indeed, it is a mistake to say that the Court's decision "invalidates" state laws. The state sedition laws remain on the state books, and if Congress should repeal the Smith Act, the state laws immediately become effective again. The case is even clearer with the state right-to-work laws. For in the far broader area of labor relations covered by the Taft-Hartley Act, Congress expressly provided that union shop contracts would be valid only where they were not barred by state law. Thus state right-to-work laws remain in force everywhere except in the railway labor field.

Justice and Judge Jones

JUDGE WALTER B. JONES presides over the Circuit Court of Montgomery, Alabama. He is a Whig-minded son of a former Governor. He has some reputation as a legal scholar, but his chief claim to fame seems to be that he enjoys approving utility rate increases denied by the Public Service Commission. He also intervened in the Montgomery bus situation the other day and proved himself the embodiment of Black Belt jurisprudence.

Since early last December, Montgomery buses have been shunned by Negroes who object to being segregated passengers. All efforts to break the boycott have failed.

When the Supreme Court's ruling on intrastate segregation (in a South Carolina case) was made known on April 23, the management of the Montgomery lines hastily seized the opportunity to announce that it would no longer enforce segregated seating. The transit company had suffered a severe loss in revenue by reason of the boycott. It almost jumped the gun in its eagerness to improve its position. But it took this course only to be assailed by the city authorities which threatened to hale the company into court. The City Commission sought the help of the Circuit Court to compel the bus company to reinstate segregation. That help was given by Judge Jones, who ruled that the transit people must carry out Alabama and Montgomery laws. "There is no straight-out decision of the Supreme Court of the United States," he said, "holding that a state or a city may not require the separation of the races on buses where carriage of passengers is solely intrastate."

Judge Jones was justified, according to his lights, in

holding that the Supreme Court has not yet rendered an opinion binding in Montgomery. If he had been willing to stop there, he would have lived up to the requirements of his office. But he was not content. He felt obliged, quite gratuitously and irrelevantly, to indulge in his own interpretation of the 10th Amendment and to air his views on states rights.

Where in the United States Constitution is there any delegation of power to the United States Government to say that a state can not make reasonable regulations for the carriage of passengers on public conveyances wholly within the state? [he asks, and, having put the question, elaborates as follows:] Where in the federal constitution is there one word, one sentence, or one paragraph, saying that the sovereign states of this union, the states which created the federal government . . . are prohibited from making . . . reasonable rules for the separation of the races . . . ?

If he sounds like a voice from a tomb, allowance must be made for the fact that Judge Jones is operating in the first capital of the Confederacy. If he seems to be unaware of the consequences of the Civil War and of Supreme Court law establishing federal authority within states, it is to be suspected that he prefers this kind of obliviousness. At least, this will do no political harm to an aspirant for gubernatorial honors. But it is a pity that a man on the federal bench should, in circumstances calling for utmost restraint, choose to feed the illusions and fortify the prejudice of the community around him.

Onward and Upward

MRS. ADELAIDE HAWLEY, who impersonates Betty Crocker on radio and television for General Mills Inc., has issued a solemn warning to the Women's Advertising Club of Washington, D. C., that from now on advertisers are going to have to start "selling spiritual values along with material values":

Let's with our unparalleled propaganda medium of advertising dig in to sell history and the spirit of adventure with our cars; philosophy with cigarettes; and gracious living and good conversation with our quick-fix foods.

As we envision the social life of this happy future, gentlemen will sit around discussing whether John Wilkes Booth would approve of the new Lincoln, while the ladies will ponder the merits of Optimism ("Be Happy, Go Lieb-niz"). Should the conversation show signs of a lull, the hostess has only to nip out to the kitchen where, in just sixty seconds, not only can she prepare a sumptuous quick-fix meal, but also pick up a few reminders on gracious discourse printed on the back of the Minit-Mousse package.



The Superficial Aspect

Truman for Veep?

IT TAKES no soothsayer to predict that what the Democrats will need in November is not a Vice, but a Spare to attach to the rear end of their ticket—a candidate who, like a spare tire, is of the same quality as the leader, new, properly inflated and ready to go.

The urgency of this need arises from the now evident fact that the Republican ticket will be Eisenhower and Nixon. A Democratic ticket of either Stevenson and Kefauver, or Stevenson and Harriman, or a ticket with Adlai in second place would start with a prestige that is to that of the Republican ticket as 2 is to $1\frac{1}{2}$. That is to say, the Democrats would be offering the public two possible Presidents as against the Republican offer of one President and Nixon.

It is an elementary rule of strategy to strengthen your own line opposite the point where the enemy is known to be weakest. This means that the Democrats need a heavy-weight in second place. Very much more than the immediate campaign is involved; it would offer the country a form of insurance against the advent of either a second coronary occlusion, or a second Czolgosz with murder in his heart.

This would make a powerful appeal to thoughtful voters who are uneasy about the long chance the country is being asked to take in the matter of the President's health.

The Republicans are demanding that the country take a risk that General Eisenhower in Europe would never have taken, that is, to intrust high command to a man who is known to have had one heart attack; and apparently they are not going to back up this risky play with anything stronger than Nixon.

It would be a very smooth move indeed for the Democrats to come up with two men, both well known to the country, both having been scrutinized under the fierce light of a pre-convention campaign. Two of the three leading contenders for the Democratic nomination are bound to be defeated; but, like a spare tire properly in-

flated, both will have been pumped up to the point at which either could stand a gruelling race.

The catch in it, of course, is that the leader may turn out to be not only competent, but hale and hearty, in which case the spare would end his career on the rack and not in use. To ask a man of national stature to assume that risk is asking a good deal; but a good deal will be required of Democrats if they are to win this year. The matter is in the hands of Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Harriman and Mr. Kefauver; any of the three would be nominated by the convention for Vice President, readily and with enthusiasm; and any of the three would not merely balance, but reinforce the ticket.

In the existing circumstances the ideal candidate for Vice President would be former President Truman, first because he is one man who could handle Nixon in the coming campaign, not only effectively, but also with enjoyment; and second, because his election to second place would assure the country that the Presidency, in case of accident, would fall into hands of demonstrated competence. It is probable, too, that if elected Mr. Truman would have a perfectly grand time being back in Washington with no responsibility except that of presiding over the Senate, which he always loved.

In case of emergency Mr. Truman could act, because he is the one man in the country exempt from application of the Twenty-Second Amendment; yet, having had the office for seven years, he would have no personal ambition to serve by undercutting the man in the White House. Besides, if there is one thing certain about Harry S. Truman it is the strength of his loyalty.

It is probable, though, that this is mere idle fantasy. There are too many people who, disregarding the examples of John Quincy Adams and Andrew Johnson, think that for a man who has held the highest office to accept a minor one is somehow *infra dig*. It is a strange notion. In ancient times the Roman who had been Consul became a Proconsul as a matter of course; and the Romans of the great days certainly were not lacking in dignity.

BUT THE pallid shadow of Mr. Throttlebottom still lies upon the American Vice Presidency, and it probably will not be lifted until some strong contender for first place exhibits sacrificial patriotism enough to accept the second, content to put the safety of the country ahead of his personal ambition. Such a man would deserve the grateful appreciation of the people of the United States. It is safe to say that under ordinary circumstances he would not get it; but in the unprecedented situation that now exists he might. In fact, he might set a precedent that would alter the whole course of political succession in the country. Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Kefauver and Mr. Harriman should consider this possibility long and carefully.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

Atomic Power—Who Will Pioneer?

by HALDORE HANSON

A MAJOR Congressional fight has broken out over the lag in American atomic power plants and the prospect that the Soviet Union will achieve clear leadership in the world atomic power field by the end of its present 5-year plan in 1960.

The question which touched off the Congressional controversy is, will the position of the US in world affairs be adequately protected if we wait for the directors of private electric utilities, out of profit motive, to build the full-scale demonstration atomic power plants which alone will show how this new power can be produced economically, or should the Government invest a substantial amount of public money—variously estimated from \$300 million to \$1 billion—in a crash program to keep America in the forefront of peacetime atomic energy?

The Eisenhower Administration has adopted the policy of waiting for private enterprise to do the job. In January and September, 1955, Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Strauss invited utilities and manufacturers to submit proposals for construction of demonstration commercial reactors. The AEC offered limited assistance, including government research and reduced fuel charge. The AEC has to date received 12 definite proposals, among which none has been started, and only two permits issued, both after the Congressional investigation began.

In contrast, Great Britain, under the leadership of the Conservative Party and with a wholly nationalized power industry, is already testing its first 60,000-kilowatt atomic power reactor, and will complete another reactor of like size and more advanced design—the fast breeder reactor—in 1957.

Russian representatives at the Geneva atom conference last summer revealed details of a 5,000-kilowatt atomic power plant which they had been operating since 1954; the first AEC experimental plant of that size was not in operation until a year later. The Russians also announced they will put a 100,000-kilowatt atomic plant into operation in 1956, and expect to complete total capacity of 2.5 million kilowatts by 1960. The only large atomic demonstration plant under construction in the US is the 60,000-kilowatt reactor at Shippingport, Pennsylvania, scheduled for 1957 completion, largely at Government expense. All other progress, the Administration prefers, should await private capital. Even if all the private proposals received by the AEC were completed by 1960, they would aggregate 800,000 kilo-

watts, about a third of the Russian target for that date.

Chairman Strauss has protested to the Committee that there is no sense in a "kilowatt race," mere numbers of plants or total kilowatt capacity do not guarantee superiority. In this he is right. The real prize of leadership will come to the first nation that produces an exportable, proven model of a power reactor that can generate electricity at a cost less than existing rates in any given country. Such an achievement would have a literally electrifying effect upon the two-thirds of the world that we call underdeveloped. "Around the winners of this race," Sen. Clinton P. Anderson told the Senate, "power-hungry nations may group themselves in new satellite orbits, far different from present alliances."

The fear of Congressional critics is that Britain and Russia, by using public funds for prompt tests of a variety of atom power plants, will achieve that leadership. So the critics are urging that the AEC be ordered to proceed with a "crash" program at taxpayers' expense. Sen. Albert Gore (D, Tenn.) is the author of a bill authorizing full Government financing of six demonstration power plants, each to employ a different engineering method, for completion by 1960; Commissioner Thomas E. Murray, the last Truman appointee on the AEC, proposed that the Government pay the full cost of two-million-kilowatt generating capacity, half at home and half abroad, at a cost of \$2 billion, also for completion by 1960; New Mexico newspaper publisher Robert McKinney, a recent adviser to the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, in a recent New York speech spoke out for the overseas half of Mr. Murray's program—that is, the building by the US of a million-kilowatt generating capacity in foreign countries by 1960, giving special consideration to such countries as Egypt and India.

President Eisenhower's offer of 20,000 kilograms of atomic fuel to countries wishing it is, unfortunately, only a propaganda gesture unless the US also helps develop suitable reactors. That offer has been compared to a gift of gasoline without a motorcar, but it is even more impractical than that. We offer a special kind of gasoline for which no motorcar has yet been developed, and we are niggardly in our effort to develop one.

What's the explanation for the procrastination of the Administration? Three reasons have been given, and all of them have some basis in fact: lack of engineers, lack of needed insurance, and lack of profit incentive.

Kenneth Davis, director of the AEC Reactor Development Division, recently told an Iowa audience that lack of American engineers was the No. 1 limitation. This can't be denied, and yet the AEC on May 6 announced receipt of 11 private bids for a contract to build an experimental reactor. Seven of the bidders now hold no contract for an atomic power reactor but claim to have the personnel to do the job. Experts on engineering personnel seem agreed that a demonstration power program of the size proposed could be accomplished without serious infringement upon existing military contracts. They also recall that protests about lack of engineers were hurled at President Roosevelt in 1940 when he called for 50,000 planes a year, but the industry achieved the goal.

INSURANCE for atomic power plants is up to Congress to provide. A group of 70 American insurance companies has offered to write disaster insurance up to \$50 million on any individual atomic power plant, but the industry and Government are both agreed this is inadequate. The danger is not from explosion but from accidental release of radioactive rays. Scientists contend the chance of disaster is less than one in a million, but one ex-government atomic scientist conceded to *The New Republic* that if an external blast should rupture the shield or plumbing system of a power plant of, say, 100,000-kilowatt size after it had been operating for a year and had produced fissionable by-products, the lethal rays which would be released in the surrounding city would exceed those of the atomic bombs dropped at Hiroshima or Nagasaki. Claims for damage from one such disaster would run into hundreds of millions of dollars. Bills now before Congress would authorize the Government to meet damage claims, beyond those that could be covered by private insurance companies, up to a total of \$500 million for each disaster.

The third obstacle—lack of profit incentive—is indisputable at present. Experimental power generated from existing AEC reactors has cost as high as 52 mills per kilowatt, compared to commercial power from steam or water power which normally costs from 3.5 to 8 mills in the US. The AEC now believes it can construct atomic plants of 60,000-kilowatt capacity to produce power at 12 mills, which would be cheaper than present power costs in many foreign countries.

The 180,000-kilowatt plant proposed by Commonwealth Edison of Chicago would generate electricity, the company claims, at 10 mills, if research cost is included; 7.5 mills if the pioneer research is excluded. Even this would be a marginal plant in the US, which is the only market that interests the Commonwealth stockholders. The difficulty of producing cheaper power by atomic fuel raises, of course, the point AEC Commissioner Murray has made: that private power utilities have a dog-in-the-manger policy, wanting to exclude development

work by the Government, even though the private companies are not yet sure they can develop competitive power themselves. This view was partially confirmed by a dispatch from the Geneva atom conference last year to the *Wall Street Journal*:

Officials of the companies which make reactors say frankly that most of their utility company customers have no early expectation of cutting costs by building atom plants; their primary motive is to stake this out as an area of private rather than public power.

The debate in Congress has been muddled by this ultimate question of whether atomic power management would be in public or private hands. But the immediate question is: Who will finance the crash program for a technological break-through; who will make possible a demonstration that atomic power can be competitive? The results will be available to both public and private utilities in the US, and to the "growth countries," too.

A fuel shortage exists in every free nation of North Africa, South Asia and in the Far East, except the four petroleum producing nations grouped around the Persian Gulf. Atom power would prove no magic road to a higher standard of living, as many have-not nations imagine, yet a new source of power could undoubtedly remove a major obstacle to economic development.

The reactions of two of the members of the Congressional Joint Committee, expressed at a public hearing, illustrate how far we are from understanding what must be done:

Rep. Carl Hinshaw (R, Calif.):

Wouldn't we appear rather ridiculous if we put a reactor in, say, India, a 100,000-kilowatt at 12 mills or 52 mills, whatever you want to figure, and then have the Russians come along and say, "We will save you the entire cost of that reactor each year by putting in one that only costs 6 mills."

Rep. James Patterson (R, Conn.):

We have to take into consideration too the competition that our industry has in the world today from foreign goods and by setting up these reactor plants all over the world, it will give us much more competition.

Our national interest seems clear enough. It is to use whatever public funds are needed to complete the minimum prototype program which will enable the US to stay in the forefront of peaceful-atom development. Whether this be done by greater public incentives to private investors, as Sen. John O. Pastore (D, R. I.) advocates, or through projects totally financed by the Government, as the Gore bill advocates, the important thing is to get on with the job without further delay. This has not been the policy of Chairman Strauss and the Eisenhower Administration. It should be.

As I See the Democrats

by HERB BLOCK

I THINK there's no question that a majority of newspapers are editorially more sympathetic to this Administration than to the preceding ones. But it should also be said that the working press—particularly the Washington correspondents—have done excellent work in exposing errors of the Administration; and frequently they have done the job much better than the working Democrats. It's true that the speeches which vigorously criticize the failures of the Administration leadership are not all fully reported. But it needs to be said also that a lot of Democrats never found tongue to make such speeches. And the press at least cannot be accused of having failed to report the many speeches that *should* have been delivered by Democrats but were never made.

It's often said that "it's easy to criticize." I wonder then why more people don't do it—including more members of the Democratic Party. In recent years, the Democratic Party has seemed like a Mr. Micawber waiting for something to turn up—or, to put it more accurately, waiting for an economic curve or a popularity poll to turn down. Perhaps some Democrats were spoiled by the election of 1932 when the government dropped into their laps like a large depression apple. It's only rarely that people are automatically stirred by something which affects them as deeply and as immediately as the great depression. And while it can be said that the present prosperity is not all that it's cracked up to be, the Democratic Party cannot very well put itself in the position of hoping for disaster.

Most issues take more explaining and arguing and fighting than a "depression issue." I think people are generally aroused about them by men of strong convictions who feel deeply enough about human rights and human needs and proper conduct of government that they can impart those feelings to others. It is one of the sad things about the Eisenhower Era that in the present devitalizing atmosphere, many people—including Democrats—seem to have lost the capacity for indignation about things which should arouse indignation.

A case in point is the internal security program. All of the errors of this program are not the fault of the

present Administration; and Dean Acheson and other Democrats have candidly acknowledged that mistakes were made in setting up this program. But the Administration is responsible not only for having failed to correct defects in this system, but for making it infinitely worse and for mixing with national security the shoddiest and cheapest kind of partisan politics.

Incidentally, President Eisenhower, at a recent press conference, was still insisting that the security program is pretty peachy. And I thought it was most unfortunate that when he was asked about the lack of B-52 bombers he described criticism of our defense capacities as "the numbers racket." I don't think he's going to make that label stick very well, because too many people by now are well acquainted with the real "numbers racket" and they know that it applies to the security-risk figures put out by this Administration. They learned about that through the efforts of the press—particularly the Wash-



"You lazybones!"

HERB BLOCK, cartoonist for *The Washington Post & Times-Herald*, is the author of *Herblock's Here and Now*.



"You hear anything yet?"

ington correspondents and the reporters of all three Washington newspapers. They learned about it also from men like Harry Cain. In a recent speech (which he sent to President Eisenhower but which President Eisenhower did not read) Mr. Cain pointed out that the officials of this Administration—who came to office with slogans of "get the Communists out of government"—had found no Communists at all. But they had succeeded in working injustices on many innocent people and in actually impairing the national security.

Now, what did the Democratic Congress do about this? One might have expected that it would press forward with these exposures, not only for partisan gain but because of an interest in justice. One might have expected the Congressional Democrats to apply some heat to get this program cleaned up to give us national security instead of national insecurity.

Well, they took a quick look inside the dark security closet, said "Pardon me," and closed the door. With McCarthy censured, the numbers game exposed, and the public finally aware of what had been going on in the name of security, the Democrats got their hands on the ball—and then proceeded to run backward off the field. It seemed as if they had got together and said, "Gee whiz, fellows—the tide has turned in our favor. Let's quit while we're still behind!"

They voted for what was called a bipartisan commission to look into the security program. This wouldn't have been so bad if they had insured that it would be

a good commission and that it would probe any department of government that needed looking into—including the Department of Justice. But the commission, which turned out to be one remarkably undistinguished for members active on behalf of civil liberties, was appointed by three men:

One-third of the commission was appointed by the Speaker of the House.

One-third was chosen by that great champion of civil liberties, fair play and clean politics, the President's choice: Vice President Nixon.

And the remaining third was chosen by President Eisenhower himself.

Among our Presidents, Mr. Eisenhower is one of the greatest commission-appointers, ranking right up there with Herbert Hoover. But he was so unenthusiastic about an investigation of the security program that he had previously declined even to appoint a commission on that subject. He went along, though, with the commission with which Congress had favored him. The last heard from this commission—if it is still breathing—was that it wanted more time and might not be able to wind up its work by the end of the year.

The Congressional Democrats said that they created this commission to "take security out of politics," a laudable aim. But I think they might have done that more effectively and been more to the point if they had demanded that politics be taken out of security, and that the men who mixed politics and security be taken out of public office.

This is probably the first time in our history when a President has had to invite the members of the opposition party to hold him responsible for his Administration, and when commentators have had to urge working partisans to start doing what comes naturally—or what *ought* to come naturally to them.

WHEN President Eisenhower made his television appearance announcing that he would run again (which was correctly reported in the news columns of the papers as the opening speech of his 1956 campaign) I was not sure whether to continue representing the Democratic Party by the traditional donkey or to show it as a stunned ox.

I have heard Democrats express amazement and despair that the people seem to establish no connection between President Eisenhower and the Eisenhower Administration policies they dislike. An outstanding example of this was the recent Eisenhower primary vote rolled up in Alaska, despite the fact that he had gone back on his promise of Alaskan statehood, which is overwhelmingly favored by the people of the territory.

But the Democrats can hardly blame the press or the people for failure to associate the President with his party, when so many Democrats themselves have failed to hold the President to account for the acts of his Ad-

ministration. In their efforts to avoid criticism, many of them have leaned over backward so far that they have fallen flat on their responsibilities.

I don't have any yearning for reckless partisanship in either party, but I'd like to see more plain, honest talk by the members of both. I don't think the antidote for the gutter politics of the McCarthy era is the bipartisan off-key hymn-singing we've had during the past couple of years. Democrats who privately wail that the present leadership is failing the country have a responsibility to say so publicly, whether they think it's popular or not. It is doubly ironic that while many Democrats have failed to criticize the Republican leadership when such criticism was needed and was expected of them, some Democrats have been unrestrained in their attacks on the members of the federal courts. One Democratic Senator (who was joined by Joe McCarthy in a recent denunciation of the courts) suggested that Communist influences were at work on the United States Supreme Court.

What I'm talking about here is the question of responsibility in government. We condemned the Republicans—including the members of the present Administration—as they deserved to be condemned for embracing McCarthy and for lacking the morality to stand up to the worst elements in their party. I said then that I didn't think this was a very good kind of unity. It is not a good kind of unity for Democrats either. They are going to have to show that they can stand up to the irresponsibles in their party—and they cannot leave to their Presidential candidate, whoever he may be, the entire burden of demonstrating this kind of political morality.

LET ME CALL to your attention a few assorted matters concerning the Congress. First, there was a recent item which should have been on the obituary page—and which, in fact, was itself pretty well buried in the newspapers. It told of the quiet death of those proposals for a code of ethics for Congressional committees which had aroused so much interest a couple of years ago. If McCarthy should become a committee chairman again, there will probably be a renewed interest in this subject. But if it's possible and desirable to adopt such a code of ethics, I think the time for it is now and not when somebody else is calling the shots.

Here is another example of something I found difficult to understand in the present Congress: Last year Sen. Thomas C. Hennings was urging revision of the laws on campaign expenses to eliminate abuses and broaden the base of contributions. This should have had a great appeal for a party which does not run first in big campaign contributions. But Senator Hennings apparently found little enthusiasm even among his fellow party members in the Senate, and it was only after considerable campaigning by the press that the Senate

this year went into the matter at all. Things like that make me feel that if the Democratic Party in Congress is going to lie down, maybe it ought to do so on a psychiatric couch.

I do not need to remind you that the present Congress has not yet shown itself strong on welfare measures—or that it not long ago gave an interesting display of nonpartisanship in passing the gas bill, which may be somewhat painful for some members of Congress to recall. This hardly seems like the best way to get across the idea that the Democratic Party represents the people against the big interests. It can certainly be said that the Democrats who voted for this bill were doing nothing worse than the Republicans. But they were doing nothing better either. And they're going to have to do better if they want to convince people nationally that it's again "time for a change."

Now, I suppose some of the things I've said here will strike some people as being impractically idealistic. But, to turn an old saw, I think that honesty is the best politics. I think the Democratic Party has done its best under men who were practical enough to be idealistic, and there is no indication that such people have suffered any more election casualties than the other kind. From a purely pragmatic standpoint, the Democrats might as well reconcile themselves to the fact that, as between the two parties, they are not going to have the most money—and they'd darn well better have the most principles.



Pardon me—I think you have this fable mixed up.

The Worst that Television Could Do in a Campaign

IN HIS FICTIONAL ACCOUNT of the Presidential election of 1960, novelist John G. Schneider in *The Golden Kazoo* anticipates the worst that television could



do to American politics. The Presidential candidate in the novel, Henry Clay Adams, has been advised that the polls are going against him. Something dramatic is needed, and the advertising agencies (which by now mastermind both Parties) find it in the greatest give-away program of the ages. The candidate must appear on TV and promise to turn over the nation's farm surplus to The People. Free Food can win for Adams. In the final television spectacular before the election, Henry Clay Adams makes his bid.

[The scene from The Golden Kazoo which follows is the home of a "Typical American Family." Daddy and Mom are consoling each other. Daddy, unable to work since he was injured saving an old lady's life, is having trouble buying groceries for their little girl who suffers from anemia, and for their healthy All-American boy.]

DADDY CRIED OUT bitterly, "Sure, get her to eat more food, drink plenty of milk—where are we supposed to find all this food and milk?"

Now a single kettledrum rolled softly. The front door opened. A young man wearing a tan jacket and visored cap came in, carrying a bushel basket filled to overflowing with groceries—above the basket-top could be seen loaves of bread and bottles of milk. The young man chanted, "Adams sent me." He trudged into the kitchen with his basket. "Adams sent me, Adams sent me."

Daddy limped after this delivery boy, trying to remonstrate, but the young man started putting the stuff away, some in cupboard cabinets, some in the refrigerator, some in the freezer. "Adams sent me," was the only answer he'd make to Daddy's protests. "Adams sent me!"

Daddy limped back to talk it over with Mommy, and another young man entered carrying a carton of stuff "Adams sent me."

Now, violins and a single trombone were working with the kettledrum. There was no tune, just a throbbing tonal rhythm. Another boy. "Adams sent me." Another and another. "Adams sent me, Adams sent me." And still they came, filling the cabinets, the refrigerator and the freezer. As each man emptied his basket or carton he would go back into the living room to join the line of stiffly erect men chanting, "Adams sent me." There were 24 of these singing delivery lads in all, and the last half dozen had to stack their stuff on the kitchen floor.

The full orchestra came up as this 24-voice choir stood in line singing: "Adams sent me, Adams sent me, ADAMS SENT ME!" The protesting voices of Mommy and Daddy could not be heard. A 10-piece kazoo section carried one wailing chorus. There was a crashing finale, and the line filed out, leaving the door open. Then came a piece of inspired business which caused the audience to break down completely. Mommy hurried to the kitchen, got a bottle of milk from the refrigerator, poured a glass with trembling hands and carried it upstairs to her sick

child. Ah, that wonderful audience! Women moaned and hough-houghed in their own peculiar manner of weeping, men blubbered and hiccuped untidily, everybody cried as scarcely any audience has cried since Al Jolson sang about the angels and Sahw-hahwn-nee Bhawah-ee.

"Of course we can't keep it," said Daddy. "But who is Adams?" Mommy agreed. "No, we can't keep it. But who *is* Adams?"

—and there is Adams, standing splendidly framed in the doorway, a hot spot lighting up his magnificent mane [with the silver streak]. Old Silverwave himself. "You, Mr. Adams!" "Why, it's *the* Mr. Adams."

"Dear young friends! You don't mind my dropping in

like this? Mizzus Adams will be along shortly, she too would like to say hello."

Daddy said, "So you're the kind and generous Adams who sent—— but sir, we couldn't accept your charity, we're very grateful but we couldn't accept it."

"Nonsense, dear boy, that food is yours! You bought and paid for it. Adams merely sent it, you understand? No? I shall explain——"

While Old Silverwave was explaining how Daddy had been taxed and taxed to pay for all that food, an entrance was effected by manly little Billy, who presently managed to be sitting on Uncle Henry's knee. It was a touching scene, made more so by the business of Mommy slipping

1956—How Television Could Help the Voter

WE ARE TOLD, particularly by the Republican National Committee, that this is going to be an electronic election year. That President Eisenhower, while he won't whistle-stop or barnstorm, will make history by conducting what might be called a television screenporch campaign, lighting up the country's 40-million-odd TV sets with periodic messages from the White House.

This will be a fascinating spectacle to watch but, personalities quite aside, there are dangers in a televised campaign. The candidate's contact with the people may be even more remote; worse yet, the impressions created may be all the more superficial and artificial. It is difficult enough to try to judge a politician when he is making a speech in the flesh, as it were. When he is delivering it on television, not only (as in the other case) is he likely to be reading something that somebody else has written but he may appear *not* to be reading it, thanks to a gimmick called a teleprompter which rolls out his speech on a kind of mechanical scroll concealed in the lectern in front of him.

And yet with all the deceptive dangers it holds, with all the capacity it has for making political histrionics more synthetic and less sincere, television may well hold the magic key to a new and priceless dimension in political campaigning: a clear, candid picture of the candidate. Unknowingly perhaps, Adlai Stevenson and Estes Kefauver had their fingers on this key, I think, in their joint appearance on ABC from Miami.

The program left much to be desired. Ballyhooed as a debate, it may have caused a certain audience letdown when it turned out to be almost entirely a discussion of issues. Yet there was something quite genuine in what happened. The two leading contenders for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency said things that were



not previously rehearsed, or drawn from canned speeches or read or recited from a prompting machine. Although both men were plainly tired from the brutally demanding schedules of barnstorming, there was a certain freshness, a certain soberness of thought and reflection, a certain serious sincerity to their remarks which somehow most candidates, these two included, fail to get across in a formal speech. Although Kefauver and Stevenson earned some "bravos," I think, for guinea-pigging this campaign experiment, there is no one-party monopoly on the idea and, for this voter's money, it ought to be encouraged. Properly handled, this television format of confronting candidates with searching questions and with each other can serve as your own personal political microscope under which you scrutinize a politician and his characteristics in the privacy of your living room laboratory. It's always struck me as a little monstrous and more than a little frightening that in choosing candidates we seem to insist on a show that is a combination bingo game and revival meeting.

EDWARD P. MORGAN

out to the kitchen to see about dinner. As the men talked in the living room, Mommy could be seen in the kitchen stirring her pathetic pot of soup. The scene became touching as hell when Daddy limped to the door to answer yet another knock. There stood Mizzus Henry Clay Adams. The old trouper greeted the Typical American Family, then went to the kitchen, tied on an apron, rolled up her sleeves, pushed Mommy aside and went to work. She measured, mixed, beat, baked, cut, sliced, chilled, rolled, floured, shaped, baked, seasoned—it was easy to see that Mizzus Adams knew her stuff in a kitchen. Mommy watched admiringly while Mizzus Adams prepared one dish after another. The two women chatted about recipes and such.

WELL, audio and video, those inseparable handmaidens of commercial television, together visited first one room, then the other. This technique had been adopted by the writers to get Henry's sales spiel down into small doses, easily taken. "My dear boy, this is your share of the \$16 billion worth of good American food which belongs to good American families like yours. Why shouldn't you have it and enjoy it? I say, sir, that you should have it! It's all yours! It does not belong to that Democratic President sitting in the White House, no, it does not belong to those power-hungry bureaucrats in the Department of Agriculture—it belongs to you! You and your good American family. It belongs to the people of the United States of America, God bless them!"

(Camera 6, out kitchenway.) "Pshaw, honey, you just add a pinch of salt and a few drops of vinegar to your boiling water before you start mixing in the——"

(Living-room Camera 2.) "You ask me will this hurt the farmer? Dear boy, this plan will help the farmer more than a passel of good July rains on a field of waist-high corn! This surplus has been a terrible thing, a Frankenstein's monster. I say, get rid of it! Fight it to the death! Ah, to be sure, there will be a short period of readjustment while the government may expect to again acquire some small surpluses, but we know how to handle them, eh? Sir, the American farmer will not suffer—he has the word of Henry Clay Adams on it."

(Kitchen Camera 4.) "I do declare, I believe you've been using one of my favorite Old Harvest Table recipes! You take stale bread crumbs, sour milk, leftover chicken or turkey——"

(Living-room Camera 1.) "So you see, dear boy, this isn't charity. No, sir. I am here to make sure that you get what's rightfully yours. (Business of walking toward the camera for an emphatic close-up.) I tell you this: I propose to see that every family in America likewise gets its fair share of this bountiful supply of fine American food. I say to the American people: it's yours, it's FREE!"

(Kitchen Camera 5.) "Heavens to Betsy, don't you be afraid of a little old three-layer Harvest Moon cake!

Here, we'll just whip one up right now. First, honey, we start with four cups of that good white flour from the surplus wheat, and we add——" . . .

Ah, this was *theater*!

Great theater. This handsome woman with rolled up sleeves, showing you hot, appetizing dishes as they came from oven and range. This handsome man actually talking as if government should give you stuff, not take it away from you. This Typical American Family thus saved from imminent disaster. Great! Before the Adamses faded out, along with the one hour of TV time, Henry proposed a moment of silent prayer for that dear little child upstairs. So here was this group of Typical Americans (the Adamses also certainly are Typical, aren't they?)—Typical Americans with heads bowed in prayer, a wonderful close-up of Henry's bowed head with that famous wave of silver gleaming unforgettably in the shaft of light from a baby spot.

(Camera 8, upstairs in Mary's room.) Little Mary was asleep in her bed. There was a faint smile on her beautiful face, a doll in her arms, a beneficent moon outside her bedroom window.

Amen. . . .

The Adamses opened the front door and stood there a moment while Mommy said, "We can never, never thank you enough!" While Daddy said, "God bless you both!" While the great orchestra (which had been sniffing sadly over "Liebestraum," "Valse Triste" and "Hearts and Flowers") now slid smoothly into a slashing, smashing, spirit-soaring rendition of the Adams' theme song, "There's Gonna Be a Great Day!" Henry and Zelpha Adams were two angels of mercy as they walked slowly out into the night.

And never forget the commercial. While Hank and Zelpha were walking, the audio blared: "VOTE FOR ADAMS. VOTE FOR YOUR TRUCKLOAD O' FOOD. IT'S FREE! VOTE FOR ADAMS!"

And the show was off the air. Within the Coliseum, that great screen of soundproof glass disappeared into the wall. Applause hit the stage with the impact of rockets fired in volleys. The audience went noisily mad. . . .

There were seven curtain calls for the entire cast. Hank and the Mizzus came back for nine more.

O, ye cynics and eggheads who would sneer at this biggest of big shows—listen to that applause!

O, ye barren intellectuals who would scoff and call it corn—count those curtain calls!

O, ye sourball traditionalists and political purists (if that last isn't a contradiction in terms) who yearned for an old-fashioned "political speech"—go hire yourselves a hall!

This was *theater*! 1960.

From *The Golden Kazoo*
by John G. Schneider (Rinehart; \$3.50)

BOOKS & COMMENT

The Fear of the Trojan Horse

by H. R. Trevor Roper

IN 1940 and 1941, when the German armies were sweeping over Europe, mopping up one country after another with miraculous speed and suddenness, a certain panic spread through the still unconquered world. Hitler, it seemed, had discovered a new weapon. These ancient famous states, which had preserved their independence so stub-

The German Fifth Column in the Second World War, by Louis de Jong (Chicago; \$5).

bornly in the past, could not now be crumbling so easily (it was said) unless they were being fatally betrayed from within. So there grew up the theory of the Nazi Fifth Column.

In almost every European country, in Russia, in North and South America, there were German colonies. Sometimes they were *Reichsdeutsche*, i.e. German citizens; sometimes they were *Volksdeutsche*, i.e. Germans whose families had settled long ago and had become naturalized in their new homes, but who preserved their own language and customs. Among both *Reichsdeutsche* and *Volksdeutsche* there was, undoubtedly, active Nazi propaganda. In many countries there were also native—i.e. non-German—Nazi parties, such as the Rumanian Iron Guard, the Hungarian Arrow-Cross, the Belgian Rexists, the Norwegian Nasjonal Samling, etc, etc. Surely, it was argued, these Nazi-penetrated German minorities and these Nazi-inspired native parties were a "Fifth Column," and surely it was this Fifth Column which, by undermining national resistance and by suddenly, at the moment of attack, converting itself into an army within the gates, had made possible the otherwise incomprehensible German conquests.

For such a theory there was undoubtedly some justification. The Austrian Nazis had undoubtedly played an im-

portant part in the murder of Dollfuss in 1934, the elimination of Schuschnigg and of Austrian independence in 1938. The Sudeten German Party of Conrad Henlein had been a major factor in the subjection of Czechoslovakia in 1938. Vidkun Quisling had played an ominous role in the German conquest of Norway possible to see the real significance of in 1940. Against this background it was one of Hitler's boasts which, though uttered in 1934 had been published in 1939 and seemed, in 1940, no less than the truth. "When I wage war," Hitler had declared:

... in the midst of peace, troops will suddenly appear, let us say, in France. They will wear French uniforms. They will march through the streets in broad daylight. No one will stop them. Everything has been thought out, prepared to the last detail. They will march to the headquarters of the General Staff. They will occupy the ministries, the Chamber of Deputies. Within a few minutes, France, Poland, Austria, Czechoslovakia will be robbed of their leading men. . . . We shall have enough volunteers, trustworthy and ready for any sacrifice. We shall send them across the border in peace-time gradually. No one shall see in them anything but peaceful travellers. To-day you don't believe me, but I shall accomplish it, move by move. No Maginot Line will stop us. Our strategy is to destroy the enemy from within, to conquer him through himself.

Was not this, it was said in 1940, precisely what had happened in France, Poland, Austria, Czechoslovakia? Was it not what would happen, unless proper counter-measures were taken, in Yugoslavia, Greece, Russia, Britain, perhaps America?

Proper counter-measures were taken. I well remember them in England because I was myself, when in British uniform, arrested at the point of a double-barrelled sporting-gun and haled off to a village police-station as a German

parachutist. All German refugees in Britain were "screened," some deported to Canada, many interned on the Isle of Man. In Russia the 400,000 *Volksdeutsche* who had lived for six generations on the Lower Volga were ruthlessly transported to Siberia and have not been heard of since. It all seemed perfectly justified by the facts. As Colonel William J. Donovan, head of OSS, and E. A. Mowrer, the distinguished American journalist, reported, Hitler's armed forces, though admittedly superior, could never have achieved victory so quickly and decisively but for the help of the Fifth Column, the enemy within the gates.

WHAT are the true facts? Now that such fears are long past, it is well that such a problem should be carefully and objectively studied. Dr. Louis de Jong, Director of the Netherlands Institute for War Documentation (that invaluable library for such research) has made such a study. He has collected all the evidence for our wartime fears; he has also established the facts; and he has provided a final analysis.

What are his conclusions? Briefly, they are that the whole conception of the German Fifth Column was grotesquely exaggerated by fear. As in all situations of sudden, incomprehensible defeat, the cry of treachery went up; an imaginary Fifth Column was created in the minds of the defeated to explain their defeat; and this imaginary Fifth Column was accepted as a reality by the still undefeated but already apprehensive powers. Neither Mussert in Holland nor Degrelle in Belgium gave positive help to the Germans. In Denmark, where our information is the fullest,

... the hypothesis that an extensive Fifth Column was involved in the surprise attack is superfluous. It is not supported by any of the numerous documents published by the Danish parliamentary commission of enquiry.

The Norwegian Fifth Column did not exist. A few Germans in native uniforms carried out tasks in Norway, as in Poland, but these were not resident Fifth-Columnists: they were special agents of the German military intelligence service. In France "there is not one single truly convincing Fifth Column case." The Russian *Volksdeutsche* had no contact at all with Germany. "The German

"Fifth Column" was, in fact—at least in the dimensions which were ascribed to it at the time—a myth.

And yet not entirely. To a limited extent there were attempts to use German colonies abroad and foreign Nazi parties for sabotage and espionage, and, to an even more limited extent, such colonies and such parties did respond to such attempts. But where? Here Dr. de Jong does some penetrating and valuable analysis. He shows that in fact there were only two countries whose military conquest during the war was facilitated by a German Fifth Column: Poland and Yugoslavia. And he also shows the reason. A foreign colony, to be capable of mobilization against the country in which it is settled, must fulfill certain conditions. It must be significant in number, concentrated in place, economically developed, in contact with the country of its origin, and—if it is to respond to nationalist propaganda—

conscious both of oppression and of superiority. Only a limited number of German colonies fulfilled these conditions, and of them all but four were, by political accident, unusable for other reasons. The four genuine Nazi Fifth Columns were in Hungary, Rumania, Poland and Yugoslavia; and it is therefore no accident that the last two countries, the only two of the four to be attacked, were the only two in which the German Fifth Column played a considerable part.

Such is Dr. de Jong's analysis. Dry, surgical, precise, it makes some of our past fears look ridiculous; but this, after all, is part of the discipline of history, and we need not be too concerned about it. If we were apprehensive in 1940 it was not because there was no threat. The threat was formidable enough; only, as Dr. de Jong now proves, it came entirely from without, not partly from within.

often than not what Aldridge calls a heretic; but in French writing, especially in the fields of poetry and the novel, the decline of standards has been sharper than it has been in American or English writing. So it may be that the present is something worse than an age of conformity; and such indeed, at the end of his analysis, Aldridge suggests that it is.

For the most part, however, Aldridge is concerned to argue that the intellectual must be free in order that he can learn "how to hold two opposing ideas in the mind at the same time and still retain the ability to function." The writer's "forte," he says, is

... to have to hold together, without hope of resolution, the forces of dogma and heresy, conformity and dissent, hate and love, guilt and innocence, sin and redemption, and to create out of the holding itself the tension which brings art to life, and life alive in art.

This is finely said; and, I think, truly said. But I must not give the impression that the whole of Aldridge's book is written entirely at this level of eloquence and abstraction. It is a polemical, a pamphleteering book, made up of separate (not always well related) papers or lectures—some of them more provocative than others.

Nowhere is Aldridge more provocative than in what he says of the effect of the American academic featherbed on the writers who enjoy its equivocal ease. Aldridge notes especially the growth of freemasonic practices; for example, that indifferent books by professor-novelists are boosted in the press by professor-critics, while better books by independent novelists are neglected. This does not surprise me. In England the Dons are active as reviewers, too; and any history book by a member of a certain party or any critical book by a member of another party is sure to be cracked up in reviews by other members of the same party.

The unpalatable, unpopular truth is that the moral standards of the academic world are not always as high as those of independent literary criticism; and the assimilation of the writer into the university was bound to bring about some adulteration of the traditional integrity of the artist who, from the very fact of his social exile, was no man's brother and had no interest in mutual aid.

One thing which does surprise me in

"Call Me Ishmael"

by Maurice Cranston

"CALL ME ISHMAEL" might have been another title for John Aldridge's new book. For Aldridge feels, as passionately as Melville did, that the artist must be an outcast; and he writes with stern disapproval of his subject, the conformism of American writers today. I can appreciate, and, in-

In Search of Heresy, by John W. Aldridge (McGraw-Hill; \$4).

deed I largely share his feelings; for what has happened in America has happened also in my country, in England. Of this I need give but one illustration: thirty years ago even the most "reactionary" of English writers, Rudyard Kipling, would accept no title or decoration from the crown; to-day even the most "progressive" English writers—Herbert Read, for instance, and Bertrand Russell, Cecil Day Lewis and E. M. Forster—have taken such honors. The writer as such is back in the fold, or rather not "back," but in it as he has never been before.

And why should he not be? In both America and England the three things

which in the past did most to alienate the artist from society were usually said to be the social injustice, the rigid moral taboos, and the philistinism of the majority. In both countries a large measure of social justice has been achieved, many moral taboos have been relaxed and culture has been "recognized." In England there are now at the BBC, the British Council, the Arts Council and elsewhere innumerable berths for the writer; in America the universities and the cultural foundations are even more hospitable. Society has both done much to remedy the faults the artists complained of and invited its wayward sons to come home. For the most part the wayward sons have gone.

Unfortunately, as Aldridge shows, good writing does not flourish in an atmosphere so comfortable and enervating. Neither in America nor England since the war has there appeared a single writer of the stature of Lawrence, James, Eliot, Joyce, Hemingway or Auden. The "age of conformity" is the age of the second-rate. Perhaps one ought in this connection to mention, as Aldridge fails to, France. There the artist is still, more

Aldridge's book is his claim that the academic journals have taken the place of the intellectual weeklies as America's critical forums. I knew that the quarterlies were more important than ever before; but not that the weeklies had become so unimportant. Indeed, I rather doubt that this is so, but as I have not been in America for the past nine years I write without real knowledge. Aldridge says:

Our reviewers are free-lance writers, hack writers, professors who write, literary journalists, but not men of letters. They are neither committed with their whole minds to literary values nor educated in the history of literary ideas and movements. Their treatment of books is consequently superficial, arbitrary and undisciplined. The serious weekly periodicals are no longer outlets for informed literary discussion; their book sections differ scarcely at all from those of the newspapers.

What makes me uneasy here is the disjunction between the "free-lance writer" and the "man of letters." Is the expression "man of letters" anything more than a rather grand name, perhaps a pretentious name, for the "free-lance writer"? I remember once saying to Harold Nicholson something about "men of letters, like ourselves." Sir Harold interjected sharply, "You mean *journalists* like ourselves."

ALDRIDGE is, I think, on surer ground when he passes from the press to the public. Again, I am ignorant of recent developments in America; but I have seen something happening in Europe which is very like that which Aldridge discerns in the United States. The public is getting numbed, bemused and stupefied. The 1940s, Aldridge says, witnessed "the beginning of the recession of the public imagination from the symbolic arena of language." The "automation of mass response" is now in full swing:

The products for which the educated tastes of the few formerly created a demand and which the continuous exercise of those tastes sustained at a high level of quality have now become promiscuously available on the mass market, and that portion of the public to whom all tastes are foreign has grown content to accept the advice of

the market on nearly all matters relating to consumption. This is to say that the market has taken over from the public the primary and crucial act of taste along with the act of setting the standard of quality at which taste shall be considered satisfied.

The conclusion of Aldridge's book is

indeed a pessimistic one. For it suggests that even if the American writer were to be persuaded to quit his cosy billet, and take the old rough road of independence, freedom and dissent, people would not listen to him any more; and that if they did listen, they would not understand him.

The Plight of the American Intellectual

by Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

THESE two books provide divergent but not incompatible commentaries on the predicament of the American intellectual. Professor Curti examines the historical record, Professor Guérard

American Paradox: The Conflict of Thought and Action, by Merle Curti (Rutgers; \$2.75). *Testament of a Liberal*, by Albert Guérard (Harvard; \$4.50).

holds forth on the current scene; the tone of the one is sober and hopeful, of the other is insouciant and deflationary; the conclusions are quite different. Yet one feels that the two viewpoints complement each other in ways that the two authors would probably be quite happy to acknowledge.

The "paradox" which concerns Professor Curti is the persistent tension in American life between thought and action. American culture, he suggests, was founded on a relatively new idea—the idea that intellectual enterprise was no longer the monopoly of a privileged class, and that thinking and doing should be united. But, for all this, the relationship between thinkers and doers in America has remained prickly and uneasy. At times, as in the first years of the republic, scholarship and action have flowed together; but at other times, such as the present, there is a marked hostility between the intellectuals and the rest of society.

Professor Curti's special concern is to account for the chronic anti-intellectualism of a culture which, in the abstract, places such a high value on education and learning. As a thoughtful historian, he cannot content himself with a single answer to so complex a problem. He traces the mistrust of intellectuals to a number of factors—to

the equalitarianism of the frontier, to the utilitarianism of the business community, to the dogmatism of evangelical religion, to the tensions of the cold war, to the philosophical "revolt against reason." In an appealing conclusion, Professor Curti argues that the best hope of resolving the conflict lies, not in the withdrawal of the intellectual from society, but in a renewed effort to participate in social reconstruction:

Only when American society discovers and recognizes all skills and talents as

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socially useful and important, and only when it capitalizes these for the common good, will the antagonism between thought and action, between intellectuals and the rest of the people, finally diminish.

American Paradox is thoughtful and tempered in its approach, though somewhat discursive in its organization and not always sufficiently rigorous in its analysis. Thus Professor Curti's definition of anti-intellectualism is not at all times clear. Does anti-intellectualism mean a contempt for logic and learning, for the use of reason? Or does it mean the conclusion—often the result of rational analysis—that non-logical and irrational factors play an overriding role in human behavior? The first would seem the more serviceable usage, at least for this discussion, and Professor Curti sticks to it most of the time. But he occasionally mixes it with the second, with the result of placing writers like Machiavelli and Reinhold Niebuhr in the anti-intellectual tradition. While a little more precision would have been helpful, we can nonetheless be grateful to Professor Curti for not yielding to the current fashion of inventing a devil called "Populism" and holding it responsible for every malign feature of the contemporary scene from Senator McCarthy to H. L. Hunt.

PROFESSOR GUERARD's book bears on the problems raised by Professor Curti, for Guérard is an old-fashioned rationalistic liberal intellectual, light-hearted and unrepentant, lighting his way by epigrams through the darkest 20th Century. His targets are the national state, the party system, the profit motive, and the sectarian church; and his ironic lament is that, while everyone condemns jingoism, partisanship, selfish greed and fanaticism, "after squaring our conscience, we do lip service again to the same ancient idols." He proclaims himself a socialist, though this is obviously a gesture of ritualistic defiance. Professor Guérard has little interest in economics and seems unaware that his socialist faith is a vestigial dogmatism as unreal as many of those which he so brilliantly exposes. What he really wants is, not another Sweden, but, as he puts it, "a highly organized community of philosophical anarchists."

Testament of a Liberal is a bracing book in 1956. It is agreeable to read a

man who is crisp and witty and doesn't give a damn. It is true that Guérard's own presuppositions sometimes seem inconsistent with his philosophical ideals. When he writes, "We must stop making conflict the center of our political thought," one wonders how he thinks freedom is likely to survive unless there is an opportunity and a will to fight for it. His youthful immersion in *fin-de-siècle* anarcho-syndicalism has given him an abiding hatred of politics. If political parties must exist, he says, let every administration be a coalition government—a conception which, one would think, has done enough damage to his native France. There is also in him a strong infusion of the old French maxim, "*Pas d'ennemi à gauche*". This leads him to foolish remarks about President Truman's declaring the cold war and to the suggestion that the dominating motive in American resistance to Communism is the preservation of "our freedom to grab."

I am not sure that Professor Guérard's approach would be quite constructive enough to meet Professor Curti's prescription for diminishing the American antagonism between intellectuals and the rest of the people. Most of the

"middle-roads" whom *Testament of a Liberal* is directed against would doubtless only have their worst suspicions of intellectuals confirmed by exposure to Professor Guérard's sparkling monologue. But perhaps along the way some might have a few preconceptions shaken; one or two might even be shocked into thought. While I support the earnest Deweyite labors proposed by Professor Curti, I feel that an injection of anarcho-syndicalist revolt—dissent for dissent's sake—would also be enormously helpful in our increasingly homogenized culture. The attack against the Establishment has been going on for some time in Britain. We have our own Establishment, and it needs to be attacked too. I am prepared to hail a man who does it with Professor Guérard's liveliness and point, even if he does at the same time hold preposterous views about the cold war. And I suspect that Professor Curti would agree that the relationship between the intellectual and society should exist on two levels—that uninhibited criticism has its role as much as constructive collaboration, that every healthy culture needs not only its John Deweys but its H. L. Menckens.

Innocence in Two Novels

by Donald Malcolm

IT is not a vision of the Second World War that emerges from Hans Werner Richter's *They Fell From God's Hands*, but a series of sudden glimpses, like the intense flashes of a cannonade at night. In staccato chapters he pursues no fewer than ten protagonists, from nearly as many countries, through the war to a DP camp in the American zone of Germany where they meet for

They Fell From God's Hands, by Hans Werner Richter (Dutton; \$4.95).
The Ninth Wave, by Eugene Burdick (Houghton Mifflin; \$3.95).

the first time. Here, regardless of which side they fought with, they discover themselves to be equal losers. They have nowhere to go, no one to claim them; they are, as the author observes, "the discarded of an age that has no conscience."

If the book falls somewhat short of total success, it is through attempting too much. In the pursuit of his ten characters, whose wanderings take in four continents, the author occasionally seems to be spreading himself a little thin. And while certain of the episodes leave a mark in the memory, the book remains, for all Herr Richter's insistence on the Fate that is bringing his characters steadily together, something of a loose collection; the novel as a whole appears somewhat less than the sum of its parts.

But this is a question of treatment, of an inadequacy of schema, and is not to imply that the author is indecisive in his attitude toward his subject. His ultimate view is more complex than can readily be summarized in a review, although a discussion of one or two of the characters may perhaps give some

notion of the whole. There is, for instance, Captain Alexander Lewoll of the Estonian army who, after the Soviet putsch in Estonia, was forced to fight in the Russian army against the Germans. Captured by the Germans, he was forced to command a "volunteer" Estonian SS division against the Russians. Taken once more by the Russians when the Eastern Front collapses, he was sentenced to death as a deserter, but escaped and made his way to the American zone, only to find that the record of his ambiguous military career destroyed all hope of emigrating to the United States:

In Lewoll's eyes these Americans were like great big children, with their tendency to generalize and simplify everything. The shades and subtleties of European political life seemed to be quite beyond their ken. A human fate crushed between two warring fronts—that was the sort of thing they were unable to grasp.

It is the "human fate crushed between two warring fronts" that Richter makes his chief concern; his triumph is in recording the small, provisional victories of compassion over organized slaughter, as when a German soldier smuggles a Jewish boy out of the Warsaw ghetto, during its annihilation, in a truckload of corpses. The obscenity of this proceeding, and the compassion which transfigures it, are stated quietly and without rhetoric.

YET the author's championship of the individual in the teeth of any warring front leads him, at times, into odd posturings. Like the Estonian captain who was forced to fight for two equally repugnant causes, he concludes that all ideologies are wrong and all nations participating in the war equally guilty. Even the Jews, apparently Europe's only morally pure victims, are indicted as accessories after the fact in connection with the war for Israel. It is as if the necessary preliminary to forgiveness in Herr Richter's world were the greatest possible distribution of ideological guilt. By the end of the novel he has, in this fashion, extended a benediction to everyone but the American conquerors, whose brassy near-innocence he appears to find insupportable amid the general guilt.

But it seems to me a dubious view which implies, as Herr Richter's does,

that there is no especial difference between the wars of the Nazi Reich and the Jewish fight for Israel; that, in fine, all ideologies are equally evil and all people, except as tainted by an ideology, equally good. This is merely to reclothe the myth of the Noble Savage in modern dress, a doctrine as innocent as any he ascribes to American naïveté.

HAPPILY for our overseas critics and for opportunists here at home, a great many Americans *do* enjoy a breathtaking degree of political innocence, a thought which brings us round to the theme of *The Ninth Wave*, a faintly promising first novel by a young California political scientist, Eugene Burdick. The outline of his story is a fairly familiar one—the schemer who rises to political power through manipulation of the Great Unwashed—and the tone of his writing alternates between slapdash and overdone. The book suffers also from a kind of Honest-John coarseness, a tendency to gloat at length over brutality (e.g., a highly detailed description of a kick in the groin), in the evident belief that this sort of thing displays a tough-minded grasp of "real life."

For all that, the book is interesting for the insight it affords into the situation that is apt to arise when the public is politically apathetic, when the parties are adrift from any coherent platform; when, in short, the art of politics becomes the art of getting oneself elected, regardless. Mr. Burdick's hero-villain is not a demagogue, but a backstage manipulator who develops the theory that it is more important to give the electorate an opponent-image to vote *against* than a candidate or platform to vote *for*. This is no Orwellian political fantasy (*is it*, Murray Chotiner), and within the area of his special competence Mr. Burdick has produced an interesting account of the contemporary exploitation of political innocence.

But not only does Mr. Burdick in his novel point out a kind of naïveté; unfortunately, he illustrates one as well. The jacket blurb is only too accurate in describing *The Ninth Wave* as the story of a man who rose "from poverty . . . to power by a series of almost mathematical calculations in which he used people's emotions instead of numbers." Having discovered the great psychological secret that everybody is afraid

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of something ("We can call that the Principle of Fear"), this Machiavellian has only to whisper a calculated "boo" to his enemies to precipitate them into hysterical convulsions. Compelling as Mr. Burdick makes this seem as a political phenomenon, it becomes ludicrous when he attempts to apply it to individual relationships. Either there is a fundamental difference between mass behavior and individual behavior or, more probably, the voter is a much more complicated sort of nitwit than Mr. Burdick thinks.

In the Day of Poe and Melville

by Leon Edel

THE FIRST impression given by this book is that its canvas is too crowded; too many people occupy the scene, too many disputes are under way, too many literary journalists are pulling each other's hair. But as we take hold of the personages, their bickerings and

The Raven and the Whale, by Perry Miller (Harcourt, Brace; \$6.75).

quarrels, their inflated egos and Pickwickian pomposities, we realize that there is a distinct design in Professor Miller's Breughel-like composition and a wilful recreation of the *brouhaha* which surrounded Poe and Melville during the 1840 decade. What emerges from this vigorous and amusing book in the end, however, is a far from amusing picture: for while the Whig *Knickerbocker* was discoursing during the 1840's on the "duty" of American writers to be "natural not national," and the Democrats of the Young America group were demanding a made-to-order literature (reverberating with the sound of Niagara, but also hushed with the silence of the great open spaces), the Raven was beating its wings in alcoholic haze and dying in a gutter and the Whale was sinking into a vasty deep from which it was not to be rescued until the 1920's of our century.

Poe and Melville suffered not from any lack of the doctrines loudly shouted around them; they suffered quite simply from an acute lack of dollars. "Tho' I wrote the Gospels in this century," Melville observed, "I should die in the gutter." Poe had already died in his Baltimore gutter when Melville uttered these words in 1851; and Melville's fate was to be perhaps even deadlier—40 years of oblivion.

Perry Miller's landscape, for all the detail of its foreground, is large: it is the province and the metropolis, New England versus New York, or by extension, the New World versus the Old. "We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe," Emerson said and this was re-expressed in Manhattan (with a kind of Chamber of Commerce élan): "As Paris is France, and London,

England, so is Broadway, New York; and New York is fast becoming, if she be not already, America, in spite of South Carolina and Boston." And while the pensive pens were scratching quietly in the diaries and journals of the Concordians, to the music of all Nature, Manhattan's urban quills were expatiating on food, manners and letters. The *Knickerbocker* camp held out for a leaven of cosmopolitanism and hoped for an American Dickens or Thackeray, while meditating on the subtleties of the table and literary decorum. Young America, with strong words and much mutual admiration, was all for a specifically American and Democratic culture. "It is not accurate to say that Young America had no mind," observes Perry Miller with a certain astringence, "it is rather that they had no disposition to find the meaning of existence in anything but dreams."

In Melville, the Young America had a figure to conjure with, but they were much too preoccupied with prescriptions for literature to appreciate him genuinely. It was left to Hawthorne — and New England—to understand the essence of *Typee*, and to raise the moral question. Hawthorne praised Melville's freedom of view "which renders him tolerant of codes of morals that may be little in accordance with our own." It required great tolerance, and the Manhattan poetasters had so little! Melville had clearly sealed his fate when he attacked the missionaries. It would take almost a century to erase so grave a lapse into honest opinion.

The Raven and the Whale is filled with animated sketches of the literary busy-bodies of a century ago: Gaylord Clark, "vain, feline, vindictive," who published *Mocha Dick*, forerunner of Melville's story, and presided over the controversy over the New England and Manhattan Chowders — probably accounting for the savory odors which reach our nostrils in the opening chapters of *Moby Dick*; the fascinating Henry Cary, he of the Chowder recipes, exalting European taste and manners over American, and capable of a ceremonious shudder if a knife were employed in eating a salad; the gentle, me-

diocre and pompous Evert Duyckinck a friend of Melville, but above all champion of the works of Cornelius Mathews, a kind of Park Row Pickwick who tried assiduously to write "great" American literature in the teeth of critical ridicule. They are all in this book the men who were so important in their day and are so forgotten now, offering recipes for literature as blandly as recipes for Chowder, but constitutionally incapable of recognizing and appreciating genius in their midst—save as it furnished ammunition for their own inflated verbal wars.

PERRY MILLER does not try to draw from such remote literary history any moral for our time: but he puts it there for anyone to read. It relates to "prescriptive" criticism—that is, the kind of criticism which Parrington and Brooks have given us, and which consists not only in evaluation of what is done but in sermonizing writers on what they ought to do. Today when such critical gentlemen venture to urge upon American novelists the writing of novels which will "sell" America abroad, or complain that Faulkner overlooks Southern glamor, we might remind them of the sad histories of the Raven and the Whale. For Melville, an amateur of letters, all this was confusion; and he fled finally to the Berkshires—and New England—there to write his masterpiece. In the end the city reclaimed him and anchored him for almost 40 years to its streets and wharves; Ahab swallowed his rage and finally became a proscribed Billy Budd, tethered to an island in Manhattan in a larger imprisonment than he had ever suffered in the Typee valley, among the cannibals. Perry Miller's symbols resolve themselves into such a picture—and what is a lively chronicle of the journalistic small fry of the 1840's becomes in the end a tragic chapter in American romanticism, indeed one of the most heart-breaking chapters in our literature.

Notes on Contributors

H. R. TREVOR ROPER is the author of several studies of Nazi Germany. MAURICE CRANSTON is a British critic. ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR. was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for his book *The Age of Jackson*. LEON EDEL is completing the second volume of his biography of Henry James.

Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

calls this "force bill" action—by what process of logic only Folsom knows. The point is that he doesn't like what the Supreme Court has done and says he is willing to call a special session of the Legislature to do some more nullifying—this time touching a situation which involves a law he had promised in his pro-labor days to have repealed.

One is driven to wondering whether hogwashing is passe—whether hound dogs have stopped baying at the moon—in Alabama. Or can it be that the Governor's overwhelming defeat in the recent primary when he ran for national committeeman has brought him a new sense of values? Has he embraced the proposition that "if you can't beat 'em, jine 'em"? He is actually talking the language of his successful opponent, State Representative McKay, proud daddy of Alabama's nullification ordinance, as though it were his native tongue.

How much good this sea change will do Governor Folsom is anyone's guess. But, whatever happens to him politically, as sure as hogs is hogs and dogs is dogs, he ain't no submerged moderate.

GEORGE V. WALSH

Birmingham, Alabama

► Jim Crow's Recent Evolution

SIRS:

... In his letter [NR, May 21] E. J. Castellano comments on an article by Paul Mayhew in a previous issue of *The New Republic*. In his letter, Mr. Mayhew quoted from C. Vann Woodward's *The Strange Career of Jim Crow* to the effect that present-day Jim Crow laws and customs are of relatively recent arrival. Mr. Castellano challenges the accuracy of Mr. Woodward's contention. The author of *The Strange Career of Jim Crow* nowhere contends that there was a time in days gone by when Jim Crow did not exist in the South. What he does contend, and rightly so, is that Jim Crow laws and customs as practised today are far more degrading, humiliat-

The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.

ing and widespread than they were in the 1870s, '80s and 90s, when the colored people were less prepared for first class citizenship than they are today.

As a native-born Southerner of 72 years, I have sufficient firsthand knowledge and experience . . . to know that what Mr. Woodward says is true. . . .

ERNEST MURRAY

New Bern, N. C.

► Stevenson as a Conciliator

SIRS:

In the May 21st issue of *The New Republic*, one of your readers, James E. Duree, expresses the view that Senator Ellender's approval of Adlai Stevenson . . . is conclusive proof that Mr. Stevenson is a Dixiecrat on the segregation issue. Surely Mr. Duree does not really believe in guilt by association to this extent. Does the fact that Congressman Francis Walter of Pennsylvania is for Governor Harriman indicate that Harriman has as little regard for civil liberties as Mr. Walter?

Anyone who knows anything about Adlai Stevenson's record as Governor of Illinois could not have any doubts about his position on civil rights issues. He used state troops to end race riots, withheld state funds from school districts practicing segregation, and abolished segregation in the National Guard, just to mention a few.

The reason that Southerners such as Senator Ellender—as well as staunch supporters of civil rights such as Eleanor Roosevelt, Herbert Lehman, and Hubert Humphrey—are for Adlai Stevenson is that they know that he has the ability and willingness to understand and conciliate different viewpoints and can approach racial problems with patience, reasonableness, and humaneness.

Above all, they know that Adlai Stevenson has political courage and his civil rights position is not subject to political pressure or expediency.

MARIAN BARNHOLTZ

University City, Missouri

► Mr. Nixon's Candidacy

SIRS:

All this talk of Nixon's running I consider pure malarkey designed to keep the Democrats away from the health issue at least until convention time. Nothing has yet changed this belief, and

I still think he will be quietly dumped at the proper time. However, in the terrifying event that Nixon *should* be nominated, the Democrats have it made. All they need do is admonish the electorate (in your own words) to quietly repeat over to themselves a few times "President Nixon" and the election will be in the bag.

D. I. FITZSIMMONS

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

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